

Halo: Ten Years Gone

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Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2007-10-26 02:13:29

Updated: 2007-10-31 23:49:43

Packaged: 2016-04-27 00:39:44

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 2,445

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Ten years after the bloody onslaught of genocide, a veteran must rise up and find the Master Chief, and regroup Gray Team, Spartans 006, 019, and 106. only they can defeat the newest threat to mankind, the Sin. Though nobody knows the secret of the sin...

## 1. Prologue

**\*\*Prologue: Death of a Hero\*\***

The day started out as any day in the year 2563 would. Colonel Joseph Porrier awoke and walked over to his bathroom, he took a piss and gave himself a facial shave. He wiped his chin.

"Like a baby's bottom." he said to himself. He pondered what to do today and then thought of something. He went over to his telephone and called an old friend. He called Lieutenant Kevin Rabazzo, his old war buddy.

"Hey, Its Joe, is Kevin there?" Porrier asked the wife of Rabazzo. He listened to the words coming out of her mouth and she was concocting an excuse as to why her husband couldn't come to the phone. He hung up the phone and went to the door, he opened it. He descended the stairs and saw one of his neighbors.

"Mrs. Callahan," he tipped his Red Sox cap. "Fine day today, no?" he asked the woman.

"No, way." she said to him.

"What?" he asked

"Well, you have on a vintage Boston Red Sox hat." she said.

"And..." he asked

"Well, they haven't been around for almost three-hundred years, since they moved to New Providence."she continued.

"Well, its what I got for the war." he told her. They parted ways. He thought to himself..."God, what a Cosmo.-tech can do to a seventy year-old woman..." His mind echoed, he was only forty-two years, though life expectancy these days was at about 128.

He went to his car, a Warthog M831 TT. This variation of a warthog, could sit eight people including himself. He got in and drove out. He arrived at Rabazzo's place of living. It was a two story apartment complex. Rabazzo received a lot of money for retirement and pension. He was the landlord. The people upstairs were nice, thought Porrier.

The Colonel walked to the door, and without knocking the door opened. Francis Rabazzo was standing at the door. She held a laundry basket.

"What do you want?"asked the wife of his former comrade.

"Well, Franny I called to have a day with my best friend."said Porrier.

"He's helping out at home today,"she said her eyes had a fire inside.

"He helps out everyday come on Fran, I need to hangout with the man who's LIFE I saved."Porrier said, he put emphasis on the word life.

Kevin walked to the door, towering over his wife at seven feet tall. He looked at Porrier, then at his wife, then at the laundry basket. He pulled out his orange shades.

"Let's roll."he said sliding his glasses on.

The two went to a golf course, and started playing. They got in free, it was free for any veteran of the human-covenant war. Porrier started off the game, driving one to the sandtrap before the first hole.

"Damn, those always get me."said Porrier.

"No trouble friend, I shall emerge victorious anyways."said Rabazzo.

Porrier took aim for his next shot and out of the corner of his eye saw it. It was an unknown projectile, and he threw himself at Rabazzo knocking them into the sand trap in which his ball was.

They fell into the sand trap, which was the worst place for Porrier. It had skimmed his back, cutting him open. He fell into the sand which got into his cut. He screamed loudly.

Rabazzo looked up to see what was firing at them. A beast, about six feet tall, with a curved beak and what looked like an ancient gladiators' helmet walked towards them. It had shiny green armor with a yellowish sheen on. The creature took out a boom-a-rang-type weapon

and threw it. Porrier rolled out of the way and the weapon missed by inches. He jumped to his feet to face the creature.

He got a couple of blows in before his knuckles cracked from hitting such a surface. He cried out before being broken in half by the beast. It then propped him up on its shoulders and jumped high in the air, dropping Porrier.

As he fell, his life basically re-capped. He saw his daughter, his wife-divorced. He saw the Spartans, the Master Chief. He saw an elite, and a brute, and then the grass coming up on him quickly. He impacted and was buried a couple feet beneath ground.

Then, the brown of the dirt turned red, then black. He was dead.

"HOLY SHIT!!"screamed Rabazzo. He saw the beast jump again, but this time wings sprouted from its back and it flew off.

Rabazzo sprinted towards the Warthog. He hopped into the drivers seat and pulled away. He got to his house, it was a pile of rubble. He drove to Porrier's apartment. Once again, rubble.

"They killed, everything."said Rabazzo.

He drove towards the U.S. border. It had also been destroyed. He surveyed the wreckage and tears swelled in his eyes.

Finally he made it to a place where people were still alive. He got to the nearest military building.

"We have to move, NOW!" he said as he burst through the door.

"What?" asked the guy sitting at the front desk.

"Where is your commanding officer?"asked Rabazzo.

"Well that would be Corporal Watts."said the kid at the desk.

"I out-rank him, I'm a lieutenant."said Rabazzo.

"Well then," the kid asked "What are we up against?"

## 2. The Sin

### \*\*Chapter One: The Sin\*\*

The Arbiter walked down the corridor to the brig. He entered and proceeded towards one particular cell. He looked at the creature, perhaps to judge it. It's long, narrow beak and tall strip of hair. It was shorter than him but as he had learned previously that day, these beasts were strong.

"What are you?"asked the Arbiter staring down his captive. The captive looked away as if to mock its captor.

"Answer me now, or I shall hang your head on my wall as a trophy."said the Arbiter.

"The beast does not talk Arbiter."said R'tas 'Vadum, the Ship Master.

"Why is this?"asked the Arbiter

"Well, we shall find out." said the Ship Master.

"How?"asked the Arbiter.

"Well, with your permission, I would call the bridge and have N'tho 'Sroam come and force it out of our friend."said 'Vadum.

"I do not approve."said the Arbiter he looked at the Ship Masters mandibles, which half of was gone.

"He has the need to fight Arbiter," said 'Vadum. " If he does not, then I fear he may take it out on us." the S.M. joked.

"Fine,"the Arbiter walked over to the comm. box. He put one of his long slender fingers on a button. "This is the Arbiter to the bridge, send down N'tho 'Sroam immediatly."

"Yes commander."said one of the Sanghelli up deck. No later than five minutes and 'Sroam had arrived. He walked in the Arbiters direction.

"Arbiter, what is it you desire from me?"asked S'roam.

"That...harm it, but don't kill it."said Arbiter.

"S'roam, took out his sword, and activated it. He walked to the door, and Arbiter de-materialized the two of them.

They re-materialized in the middle of an arena, probably a different place in Shadow of Intent. The warrior beast took out a giant axe. 'Sroam's sword glowed bright.

The beast ran at the Sanghelli, and the Sanghelli dodged, and cut the beast's leg. It didn't fall, it didn't even flinch.

'Sroam turned and saw this, fear instilled in his eyes only for a moment, he backed up. Then he charged at the creature. It lifted the axe, and swung it at the ground. The impact made a lot of the surrounding area explode. N'tho was thrown back and into a pillar. The pillar was indented, and he slid to the ground.

Purple blood oozing from him, he stood up and felt his stomach, coming off sticky with blood. He charged, his final charge at that. He rammed into the creature, which caught him and jumped in the air. It dropped him. And he passed on.

"No."said 'Vadum.

"It can't be."said the Arbiter. The beast stood there and its axe had turned into an energy axe.

The creature opened its beak. The voice boomed over the whole ship.

"I AM YE'HAGRODE AND I AM FROM THE SIN. YOU SANGHELLI SHALL BE DESTROYED ALONG WITH THE HUMANS, NOTHING CAN STOP YOU. OUR SHIPS WILL BURN YOUR PLANETS UNTIL THEY ARE MOLECULES, YOU WILL ALL BURN."the lights went dark, and then Ye'Hagrode escaped from the Sanghelli's clutches.

The Spartan strode towards the door. He kicked down the door, his battle rifle at his chest. His battle rifle pointed down and then up again and through the scope he saw the target. Spartan 006 put three bullets in the head of the hostage taker. He dropped like a rock and the hostages ran towards Charles.

They thanked him in their native tongue, Chinese. He talked back giving them a 'your welcome.'

Another Spartan entered and shook 006's hand. This Spartan was Taylor-019.

"So Charles, where to next?"asked Taylor.

"I don't know Taylor, we should head out though."said Charles.

They turned around and waved one last time and then the two Spartans left. Out of the corner of Charles' eye he saw something he hadn't for ten whole years. A phantom dropship used by the Sanghelli.

It came in close and then the Arbiter dropped down along with the Sanghelli with half a jaw.

"Spartans,"said Arbiter " There is a new threat to humanity."said Arbiter.

"What is it then?"asked Taylor.

"Just come with us, we shall...brief you on it."said Arbiter.

"Fine," said Taylor "One more question, who are our new playmates?"

"They are referred to as the Sin."said R'tas

'Vadum

"Who are you?"asked Charles.

"I am Ship master R'tas 'Vadum, Ship master of the Sanghelli Ship Shadow of Intent."

"Okay, so...Why do you want us?"asked Charles.

"You are Spartans."said R'tas.

"And..."said Charles

"You are the best of the best, and we need you to help us recover the Spartan known as, 1-1-7."

"But, John is dead. I thought."said Taylor.

"Well, he's not dead. He is currently on the planet Onyx."said Arbiter.

"We have also detected other human life on the planet."said R'tas.

"Like what?"asked Charles.

"Bio-signs, that match yours."Arbiter cut in.

"That must mean, no."said Taylor.

"There are currently two regular humans and six of your kind in the micro dyson sphere." said Arbiter.

"Let's go then."said Charles. The four went into the phantom, and it left for Shadow of Intent.

"So where is John then?"asked Taylor.

"He is in a cryo-tube on one of your vessels. It crashed on the planet."said R'tas.

"We sent out a reconnaissance team, but we have yet to hear back from them."said Arbiter.

Rabozza stepped silently through the wooded area. He heard that there was a Spartan out there somewhere. He stepped on a twig, and almost immediately he was grabbed from behind and restrained.

"Who are you?"asked the Spartan-106 Clinton.

"Lieutenant Kevin Rabozza ."said Rabozza

"Really?"asked 106 quietly.

"Yes." said Rabozza

"There is a new threat, we must go now Spartan."

Arbiter said, sneaking up on the two.

"No,"said Clinton.

"And why, Spartan, is that?"asked Arbiter.

"I can't do it anymore."said Clinton. He had removed his armor years before. He was the darkest skinned Spartan not born that way. His skin was still pale in comparison to somebody with a tan, but it had some color.

"Why not?"asked Rabozza.

"Well, you see..."Clinton drifted off.

"Go on."said Rabozza.

"It's just that I don't want to see any more of my comrades fall."he finished with his voice sounding painfully sad.

"We won't this time."said Rabazzo.

"Yes, Spartan we have discovered many of your brethren to be on a planet, not far from here."said Arbiter.

"I know I'm going to regret this."said Clinton.

"You won't, we have armor. New armor, just for you."said Arbiter.

"Let's kick ass then."said Clinton.

They took Spartan-106 to the Tech Prep station on the UNSC destroyer, The Davis. It was named after the Battle of Davis in which Admiral Allen Davis took his own life to destroy one of the prophet's Capital Ships, \_the Capital Punisher \_on the Ark.

"Okay then son, this is your new E.O.D. armor, do you understand?"asked the Tech Manager

"Pretty Much."said Clinton.

"We also formatted the HUD to zoom in your scope to 15X."he said.

"Thank you."said Clinton.

He then proceeded towards the hangar. Along the way he saw an assortment of sanghelli and human alike. Working together, like allies should. He had been living in the woods for almost the amount of time since the war ended. That was literally the war of the worlds. Somehow the humans won, even though they were against six ferocious species of alien for twenty-seven years, and they won. From the briefing, it was assumed that the Sin had one or maybe more species but only one was present now.

They had to step up, and defend their freedom with a vengeance.

He strode into the hangar and saw two other Spartans. He walked up to one.

"Taylor."he said

"It's been too long." she said

"I know."he said, and they hugged one another.

"He then proceeded to greet Charles.

They headed over to a lone long-sword fighter. It was lone because it was specially fitted with archer missile pods and three pairs of Havok tactical nukes. They were to blow the doors off their hinges on Onyx. It was crunch time.

b a/n In the next chapter you will see what happens to MC. In the end of Halo 3 when you beat legendary and it shows him floating towards the planet, this is kindof a spoiler but the planet is onyx, where if anyone has reads 'The ghosts of onyx' some spartan III's MCPO Mendez, dr. halsey and blue team are located, once again sorry for the spoiler. I had some fun with it so enjoy the next chapter which

should realease within the next week. /b

End  
file.